LITERARY EXAMINER.

Beautiful Extract.

FROM HIRST'S ENDYMION.

I.

"A grassy dell—a fragrant spot, secluded
In noiseless woods—a haunt for sylvan Pan,
Where rarely step of man
Startled the quiet, but where silence brooded
Hushed as a dove—slumbered in primal peace,
The loveliest glen in Greece.

II.

"The air was breathing gently. Trickling, gushing,
Gurgling o'er rocks and moss, a brooklet sang,
Sparkling, whenever it sprang
From out the leafy gloom, its surface flushing
Under the ardent glance of starry eyes,
Scanning it from the skies.

III.

"A mossy oak, the Druid of the valley,
Shadowed a basin that for centuries drew
Its food from rain and dew—
A lonely lake, where Nereids loved to dally,
And Dian's huntresses, at noontide, came,
With lips and cheeks aflame.

IV.

"Wreathing the oak, a honeysuckle, laden
With coral corymbs, traveled towards its brow.
From limb to limb, and bough
To bough of the tall tree, it stole—a Dryad maiden,
Clinging with speechless transport to the breast
Where nature bade her rest.

V.

"And in their arms, unnoting their emotion,
A dove reposed—his plumage on the night
Making a milky light
Among the sombre leaves. Afar, the ocean,
Low, but distinct, broke languidly on the reach
Of the long desolate beach.

VI.

"His arm encircling her, just then a mortal,
A mortal maiden with him, reached the glade.
Few were the words they said,
Yet sweet as few. It seemed Elysium's portal
Was open to them, whence through gates ajar,
Shone love's delicious star.

VII.

"Silent as statues were they, save their sighing,
And the audible beating of their happy hearts,
A throbbing that by starts,
As ever and anon the wind seemed dying,
More felt than heard, swam in each other's ears,
Like hymns from distant spheres."

The Leprehawn.

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

The "Leprehawn" is one of the good people or fairies, in whom many of the natives of Ireland place implicit belief. According to the received tradition, this sprite is brogue-maker to the rest of the Fay-fraternity: and it is when thus engaged his whereabout is discovered in the deep recesses of some tangled wood, his captor being led to the spot by the sounds which proceed from the tapping of his little hammer upon the sole of the little shoe he is at work upon. Once caught it is in the power of his capturer to demand any amount of buried treasure, or, if he choose, insist upon having the Leprehawn's purse; this holds but one gold piece, but possesses the magic power of replenishing itself as quickly as its contents are withdrawn. The little fairy is, however, no small trickster, and many instances are on record of his cheating his temporary master, by giving, in lieu of the purse of gold, a worthless affair, enriched with only one copper coin, and void of all reproducing powers.

Other traditions invest the 'good people's' brogue-maker with the power of removing personal defects, and bestowing good looks and grace in the place of deformity and awkwardness. The following legend is one I have been familiar with from childhood; I will relate it as nearly as my memory serves, in the language of the dear old woman from whom I first heard it:

"Is it belave in thim? Musha! thin av coorse I do! Faith, why not? Shure it 's my own blessed grandmother hard what I'm goin' to till yez, from the father that owned her, and its consarning his own grandfather he was spaking. You see, honey, be all accounts, he was a little wee bit of a crock of a child, with a mighty fine brow, and sweet curlin' hair as black as a bad man's heart, and an eye that would lead a glow-worrum asthray in a dark night, and take the love out of all that looked upon it in the bright day. But it's mighty ailin' he was from his birth, and the poor back of him was as twisted as the letter S itself! It's little he minded it for many a long year, for he was beloved by his strappin' six feet brothers, and shure his father had ever the kind word for the *Daunchy* little thing; and as for his mother! O, thin it's only a mother, and a mother's heart, knows the depth of its love for the child that bears the world's blight upon it!

"He'd winnin ways wid him, had little Paudeen; there was the music of the wild birds in his sweet voice, and many and many a time, young and ould would listen to him singing the ould songs he liked, till the big tears would hang upon their cheeks, and their thanks would die upon their lips, and all they could give him for his pains would be an unheard blessing, an' a gintle pat upon the head, whin they hurried away widout spaking, as if they feared to drive the sweet sounds from their ears, where they loved to keep them.

"Among the listeners, acushla! there was as I've hard tell, the purtyest creature that ever set foot on the green grass! faith, the sight of her cheeks would wither a rosebud, and her teeth be the death of a lily itself. And who but Aleen—that was the name, honey, she had upon her—who but her was gone forever in love with the twisted little Paudeen. And this darlint, this was the way he found it out. Many and many a night he'd walk to the ould wood beyant his father's cabin, and sittin' him down at the fut of a favorite wild oak tree, sing by the hour all alone by himself. Well, who but Aleen knew this? and whose fut was it but hers that left its small print on the dewy turf as she'd steal out to listen to his songs, not with her ears but heart, for there was'nt a word that came from his lips, or a sound that gave it birth, that did'nt nestle snug in there, as a little bird under its mother's wing.

"Shure, there was wild bastes used to be prowlin' about in thim ould times; and one blessed night Paudeen was roused by a scream that would almost wake the dead, and shure it's leaving him he thought the sinses of him was, or that he saw a ghost itself, whin, with a face pale as a white frost, Aleen rushed through the thick branches of the underwood, and fell like a dead angel at his feet. It's a small time he had for lookin' at her just thin! for the left arm of him seemed bitten through and through with red hot teeth. A wolf had closed his jaws upon that same. It was'nt long he enjoyed himself there, sucking better blood than ever had been in his blagguard body, for Paudeen drove the blade of his hunting knife betwixt the ribs of the marauding thafe, and drove and drove, and cut and stabbed, till the brute fell dead on the bloody turf.

"It's little he thought of the loss of blood, when he saw who he had lost it for, and from that mouent the deep love he did'nt know was in him burst up in a blaze in his heart, and the thought of his crooked back, as he looked on the beautiful girl at his feet, made him shiver as if a palsy had fallen upon his hopes.

"She thanked, she blessed him, in tones that might have made him know she loved him; but despair had blasted him, and when he left her at her father's house, the big tears burst from his eyes and saved his heart from breaking.

"It's an altered man he was from that day; he shunned all his friends, his looks were haggard, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals; and morning, noon and night, it's away in the woods he was huntin' for the Leprehawn. Well, darlint, shure one fine day he heard the "tap, tap, tap," of the little hammer! O, how his blood tingled! and he held his breath till he nearly choked himself, as he stole along to the place; the smallest noise, made by the laste dry twig that snapped under his fut, sounded to his ears like a clap of thunder, and he'd stop and listen as if his life depended on the next tap! He heard it again, and O! think of his joy and fear, whin, within a yard of him, wid his back facing him, he saw the Leprehawn, hard at work. Wid the spring of a wild-cat, and the laugh of a madman, he grasped the little creature by the waist.

"I have you at last," sez Paudeen.

"First or last, you needent squeeze so tight," sez the Leprehawn; "what do you want?" sez he—"is it money?" sez he.

"It is," sez Paudeen; "that and good looks."

"Faith, you're in need o' them, my fine fellow, at any rate," sez the Leprehawn.

"Don't be jokin," sez Paudeen.

"I'm in airnest," sez the little brogue-maker. "What do you want them for?"

"To win Aleen's heart," sez Paudeen.

"You're a fool," sez the Leprehawn.

"Better manners," sez the hunchback. "I have you tight."

"True for you, you have, more tight than pleasant—don't be breaking the ribs off av me—shure you'll get nothing by that."

"Do'nt you be impudent, thin," sez Paudeen, "for you'll get nothing by THAT, so give me what I want."

"I will," sez the little thing, after a pause. "I will, for I like you. I knew you were comin', or you would'nt have caught me. There's me purse, do'nt be doubting me, *it's the right one*—you can pour the bright gold out of it like runnin' water, and there," sez he, touching Paudeen wid his queer little hammer, "now you're a changed man—but mind me, if Aleen likes you now, she is as false as a snow drift or a shiftin' sand. I'll see you here to-morrow, and if you wish, I'll change you back."

"Paudeen had no time to thank the creature, before he was out o' sight. He rushed into the sunshine and saw by the shadow, his form was changed, and his hump was gone. With a wild hurra he bounded off to the lake, and almost fell when he saw reflected in the sky's own looking glass, the handsome face and strong built form he had upon him. Did he walk, or did he fly—or was it lightnin' carried him to his darlint's roof? She was alone; he poured the gould at her feet; she started; he knelt to her; a faint scream escaped her lips; he talked of love, and took her hand; she dashed him from her in scorn! There was a curl on her lip, a cloud upon her brow, and a quivering in her voice, as she called him 'coward, thus to press his suit.' She rushed from the cabin, and threw herself down at the foot of the tree where Paudeen saved her life, weeping the big tears, that are born in the depths of the heart.

"Paudeen felt as if the 'good people's' curse was on him; he stole to the place she had run to, and there heard her in spite of her sobs, whisper his name. It was enough. The truth flashed upon him like the lightning's blaze in a black night. He saw the Leprehawn again! There was a merry smile on the little brogue-maker's face, as he asked,

"Paudeen, darlin', will you stay as you are?"

"Change me! in mercy change me back!"

"It's done," says the little sprite. "You loved truly, and you've got what you deserve." He stopped smilin' as he added, wid something like sorrow, "Paudeen, there is no gift the 'good people' can bestow equal to what a mortal may possess—A WOMAN'S HONEST LOVE. You've won it, be content; to HER your blemishes are beauties. She sees you with the fond eyes of her trusting soul. She will share but two spots on earth; and those will be YOUR HOME while living, and YOUR GRAVE when dead."

"The little Leprehawn vanished from the boy's sight. A few weeks after, the hunchback, Paudeen, was the husband of Aleen, and from that hour, darlin', he ceased repining; he put his trust in the good God that had made him, and whin he died he told his story, and left it to be told as a lesson for his children's children—that honesty of heart is better than handsomeness, and content beyant the price of gould."

Source of Social Happiness.

As regards public happiness, statesmen and politicians too often forget that though good political institutions conduce to it, yet that they are but one means to the attainment of this end, and that more than these are requisite to make individuals and nations happy. The cultivation of good will, kindness, humanity, and all the gentler affections, are far more influential in the promotion of private happiness than the justest balance of the political constitution can be; so that, though the value of civil and religious liberty is great, and has a large influence on national well-being, still it alone does not constitute happiness; and therefore, it seems to me, that those writers who devote their energies to the task of endeavoring to soften and improve the social affections, do incomparably more to promote the benefit of communities than those who have only in view what is more strictly designated "the public weal."—*Curtis on Health.*

Literary.

Dr. Cogswell leaves this week for Europe, on a general bibliogrsphical and literary six months' tour, preparatory to the laying the foundation of the Astor Library in the spring. J. R. Broadhead, Esq., Secretary of Legation in London, is writing the History of New York, and has nearly ready the first volume, embracing the Dutch period, between the discovery in 1609, and the surrender, in 1664. Two subsequent volumes will bring the history down to the adoption of the first State Constitution of 1777. Herman Mellville, Esq., author of "Typee" and "Omoo," is about putting to press a new work, which it is expected, from peculiar sources of interest, will transcend the unique reputation of his former books.—*Literary World.*

A Clever Sketch.

THE FRENCH GARDENER AND HIS ROSES.

[Translated from the Courier des Etats Unis.]

I have a worthy neighbor here in the country, of a mild though somewhat rough disposition, as is generally the case with persons absorbed in one ruling passion.—For some time past I had met him but seldom, and always found him gloomy and buried in thought. His door was nearly always shut; if ever he opened it, he did so only after having narrowly inspected his visitor through the chink. I began to think he must be engaged in a conspiracy. Meeting him lately as he was leaving his house, I resolved to have an explanation, notwithstanding he tried to avoid me as soon as he saw me. I went directly to him, and seizing him by the wrist, said:

'My dear sir, I must understand your enigma. You have become invisible. Are you making powder or counterfeiting bank notes? I have come to your door three times, and have been answered only by your dogs. What are you doing? What has happened to you? Just now you shunned me. Have you quarreled with me?'

'No, good heavens!' he answered. 'But you know every one has his griefs—his torments. I am in trouble—in great trouble.'

'In trouble—about what?'

'Ah, about many things,' and he sighed deeply. 'In these revolutionary times one is apt to be suspected'—

'Are you suspected by the government?'

'I may be any day. I have confidence in you, neighbor; you would be incapable of betraying me. Besides I must unbosom myself to some one. When I just met you, I was thinking of the Duchess of Orleans, the Count of Paris, and the Duke de Joinville. My situation is very embarrassing. If they stay with me much longer'—

'What! are they living with you?' cried I in amazement,

'They are indeed. It is very imprudent'

This was just after the days of June. In the newspapers, in conversation, everywhere, the great theme was the manœuvres of all the pretenders to power, who, it was said, kept themselves in Paris or the environs, ready to profit by every chance. I really thought for a moment, that my honest neighbor had given an asylum to these three noble personages, and that the council of regency was formed in his house.

'Yes, there they are, headed,' pointing with an air of mystery towards his closed door. 'There they are still, until I take some decisive step in regard to them.'

'What do you think of doing?'

'The wisest course would be to give them a good blow with a knife. But no, I should never have courage. They are so beautiful, in full bloom, sir. Should you like to see them? You are an amateur, I believe.'

I then saw at once what his trouble was. My neighbor is one of those fanatical horticulturists who are seldom found in France, but who have been produced in perfection in Holland and England. By the time I had recovered my first surprise, he had opened his gate, which he shut carefully after us. I found myself in the midst of a beautiful collection of flowers. The council of regency was composed of three superb dahlias.

'If these were all that would put me in danger,' said my worthy neighbor, 'I would make the sacrifice—perhaps. But, sir, in roses and dahlias, I have with me the whole of the fallen family, from Louis Phillippe to his grandsons, the Duke de Chartres and the Count d'Eu. See, here is the Duke de Joinville, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, Princess Clementine, even the Duchess of Mecklenburg—all the choice plants, perfectly double, without the appearance of a stamen; and I must give them up!'

'Who requires you to give them up?' said I. 'The flowers are not seditious themselves. Their names to be sure, do not correspond with the present order of things.—But you are not their godfather; they are no evidence of your political opinions.'

'My political opinions!' he cried; 'I have none; I never had any; I never will have any. What is the use of politics? Simply to ruin our gardens, Have they not already proscribed the lily and the violet? It is true, I have been told that the white and red roses disturbed England a while ago; but is that a reason for persecuting the roses of the nineteenth century? What is the use of all these empty, miserable disputes about forms of Government? Let them only leave my flowers and me in peace. I would rather change my own name than christen my flowers again. Yet it must be done. Revolutions respect nothing.'

I tried to calm him by saying: 'My dear neighbor, is it then, so great a misfortune to change a little your etiquette?'

'A little!' he replied. 'I must change everything, sir, or nearly everything. Look at these roses; nearly all are royal and consequently proscribed; the hundred leaved queen, the royal carmine, the empress of France. But this is not enough. Your innovators have suppressed nobility too. And how many roses are noble? See here the Countess Duchatel, the Marchioness Turgot, the Baroness Carruel, and so many others. The tulips, too, sir; the tulips are nearly all titled. The representatives of the people would do better to suppress all flowers at once. But let them take care!' he added, with vehemence; 'plants have their rights too.'

Though I saw that he was irritated, I nevertheless tried again to show that his fears were chimerical. 'Be cheerful,' said I. 'The republic will surely respect the escutcheons of flowers.'

Not being able to convince him, I changed the conversation, and from the weather reached Algiers. He hardly listened till he caught the name of Bugeaud!

Then he suddenly turned and said: 'Marshal Bugeaud! do you know him?'

'I have not that honor.'

'He is one of my finest roses. I suppose I must change his name too. He is out of favor now. Here are Thiers, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine. But you cannot now judge of Lamartine. He has suffered; he is a little broken, but he will rise again.'

Life and Flowers.

There are species of Flowers that can bear the hot sun and the ruffling winds of the world, and which flourish as fairly in the crowded saloons whither they are conveyed as in the secluded repositories of their native woods. But there are others; and these are the purer and finer sorts, which expand their blossoms only in the shade, and which never exhale their fragrance but to those only who seek them, amidst the peaceful shelter of the scenes which gave them birth. Hence it is that they blossom unnoticed and unadmired by the heedless, and by the busy, who either will not employ the care, or do not possess the leisure which is requisite to discover and to admire their hidden beauties. So in life, we find the sweetest and purest hearts in calm retirement; and when obtained, how precious they are.

The Dead Sea.

There appears to be no satisfactory evidence as to whether any fish are to be found in the Dead Sea. Our guides said that some small black fish have been there, but others deny this. A dead fish has been found on shore near the spot where the Jordan enters the lake; but this might have been cast up by the overflow of the river. It is said that small birds do not fly over this lake on account of the deleterious nature of its atmosphere. About small birds I cannot speak; but I saw two or three vultures winging their way down it obliquely. The curious lights which hung over the surface struck me as showing an unusual state of the atmosphere—the purple murky light resting on one part and the line of silver refraction in another. Though the sky was clear after the morning clouds had passed away, the sunshine appeared dim, and the heat was very oppressive. The gentlemen of the party who stayed behind to bathe declared, on rejoining us at lunch time, that they had found the common report of the buoyancy of the water of this sea not at all exaggerated, and that it was indeed an easy matter to float in it, and very difficult to sink. They also found their hair and skin powdered with salt when dry. But they could not admit the greasiness or stickiness which is said to adhere to the skin after bathing in the Dead Sea. They were very positive about this; and they certainly did observe the fact very carefully. Yet I have seen since my return a clergyman who bathed there, and who declared to me that his skin was so sticky for some days after, that he could not get rid of it, even from his hands. And the trustworthy Dr. Robinson, a late traveller there, says:

"After coming out, I perceived nothing of the salt crust upon the body of which so many speak. There was a slight pricking sensation, especially where the skin had been chafed, and a sort of greasy feeling, as of oil, upon the skin, which lasted for several hours."

The contrast of these testimonies, and the diversity which exists among the analyses of the waters which have been made by chemists seem to show that the quality of the waters of the Dead Sea varies. And it appears reasonable that it should; for it must make a great difference whether fresh water has been pouring into the basin of the lake, after the winter rains, or a greater evaporation has been going on under the summer's sun. In following the margin of the sea we had to cross a creek where my skirt was splashed. The splashes turned presently to thin crusts of salt; and the moisture and stickiness were as great a week afterwards as at the moment.

We wound among salt marshes and brakes, in and out, on the desolate shore of this sea—this sea, which is not the less dead and dreary for being as clear and blue as a mountain tarn. As we ascended the ranges of hills which lay between us and the convent where we were to rest, the Jordan valley opened northwards, and the Dead Sea southwards, till the extent traversed by the eye was really vast. How beautiful must it have been once, when the Jordan valley, whose verdure was now shrunk into a black line amidst the sands, was like an interminable garden, and when the cities of the plain stood bright and busy where the Dead Sea now lay blank and grey! As I took my last look back, from a great elevation, I thought that so mournful a landscape, for one having real beauty, I had never seen.—*Miss Martineau.*

To Make Home Happy.

Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this bounty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain, in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects, in decorating it within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order: a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence, draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home.—Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.—*Christian Citizen.*

Wonders of Chemistry.

Aquafortis and the air we breathe, are made of the same materials. Linen and sugar, and spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combination of burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found of the same materials.—*Scientific American.*

To Althea, from Prison.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE.—1649.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames:
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Lines

Addressed to a young Lady, who presented a bouquet to Mr. O'Brien, while standing in the dock at Clonmel Court House, under charge of high treason:

Sweet girl! who gave in danger's hour,
To lift my soul, a beauteous flower,
And by thy bright yet modest eyes,
Cheered me with softest sympathies;
Oh! may thine eyes ne'er shed a tear!
Oh! may thine heart ne'er know a fear!
Thus from his dreary solitude—
Thus speaks a prisoner's gratitude.

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Clonmel Prison, Nov. 4, 1848.

A Visit to the Poet Wordsworth.

A Correspondent of the *Courier & Enquirer*, in a traveling letter, gives the following feeling memorial of the poet Wordsworth at his home of Rydal Mount. It is the old age 'frosty but kindly, of a man who early lent out his heart to nature and humanity, and who now receives his return with usury. How fine an illustration is this touching narrative of his writings!—*Lit. World.*

'I had proceeded but a few steps towards the house, when I perceived in the little yard before it, a hale, stoutly-built old gentleman in cloth cap, plain black suit, and thick shoes, drawing an aged lady in a large hand-wagon; and the sounds I had heard were her childlike exclamations of delight. I involuntarily removed my hat and apologised for my intrusion. But not a word of that sort would either of them listen to.—The old lady seized my hand, and broke out into a rhapsody about that 'dear good man, Mr. Coleridge.' Upon my dropping a word of sympathy for her helpless state, she began to repeat, in the most feeling voice, a hymn of several stanzas, expressive of her resignation to her Heavenly Father's will, and of her joy in view of the glories of a brighter world. The poet, evidently touched, stood silent, and as for myself, it required a stouter heart than mine to be unmoved by the scene. At length, the old lady let go my hand, and the poet intrusting her to the care of her nurse, led the way into the house. We were soon seated in a comfortable little room, which appeared to be half parlor and half library, before a blazing coal fire.

'I inquired respecting the health of the sister we had just left: 'Poor thing!' says he, 'she was most dangerously ill twelve years ago, and has never recovered from the effects of it. She requires the most constant care; but she is a great blessing to us all. We all take the greatest interest in her, and feel that she is the means to us of invaluable moral and spiritual good. If it were not for the sick, and the old, and the little children, who are constantly appealing to the better feelings of our nature, men would soon become monsters.' I inquired respecting his own health. 'It is as good,' he replied, 'for aught I know, as it ever was. It would be folly to account old age youth, and there may be some malady secretly at work in my system that I know nothing of. But I believe I have seen many young men not twenty-five, who were actually older than I am now.'

'The conversation soon turned upon more general topics. He spoke of Coleridge—of Southey—of Schlegel, whom he knew intimately in France—of the distinctive characteristics of English, Swiss, and Italian scenery, expressing by the way, his conviction that the English lake district presented more attractions for a residence than any other part of the world,—of the grandeur and beauty of some of the old cathedrals of England—of the tendency of railroads to produce a general neglect of the natural beauties of the country—of the levity and fickleness of Frenchmen, and their incapability to govern themselves,—of the probability, nay the certainty, as he would have it, that the English would soon supersede the French as the court language of Europe—and, in short, talked most freely and delightfully on every subject that presented itself. To be alone for one good hour, as I was, I felt richly repaid me, if nothing else could, for venturing over the trackless deep. Before I took my leave, Mrs. Wordsworth, a matronly benevolent-looking old lady, and the poet's daughter, took seats with us, and I was soon made to feel that I was indeed in one of the happiest homes of England.

"Wordsworth's personal appearance is very similar to the likenesses you see of him prefixed to his works. There is a blending of thoughtfulness and benignity in his countenance that excites love and admiration at the very first glance. The upper part of his head is entirely bald, but long silvery locks fall upon his neck behind. His features are strongly marked, yet are contemplative rather than energetic in their expression. His brow is of extraordinary amplitude, and though of sculpture-like smoothness, it has much of that worn severe cast, too common to men habituated to deep reflection; his large greyish eyes, kindly and yet pensive, have a calm, earnest in-seeing look, such a look as belongs to eyes that can find in flowers, thoughts too deep for tears;' and about his mouth there is a bland and almost playful expression that denotes a spirit glowing with all the sweetest affections and gentlest charities of life. His voice is most melodious, and his language of the most charming simplicity. He is now in his 79th year, yet his countenance is unwrinkled, and his frame scarcely bent. He takes much exercise, and great care to preserve his health, and daily may be seen walking along the roads or over the hills with all the vigor of a man yet in his prime."

Washington Allston.

From a biographical sketch of Mr. Allston in the Phrenological Journal, the following is taken, which speaks volumes to the honor of the painter and the man.

A friend of Allston tells me a hundred touching stories about him. Here is one: "While in England, he threw off a little painting of great beauty—the subject of which, though perfectly free, to his own perception, from all moral objection, might be perverted to evil associations. The idea occurred to him while sitting alone the evening he had sent it to the purchaser.—No sooner did the impression seize him, than, with conscientious sensibility to the high claims of his art, he wrote the owner of the picture, stating his scruples, begging its return. His desire was reluctantly granted. He sent back the gold with his thanks, and burned the picture." And yet the painter was poor, and needed money in that solitude of London. The artist who *knew* these facts, had known Allston for years. He says that when he looked on him after this sublime act, notwithstanding his familiarity with the painter, he was struck with a sudden veneration.

Shakspeare's Descriptions.

Shakspeare, who amidst the pressure of his animated action has scarcely ever time and opportunity to introduce deliberate descriptive scenes, does yet so paint them by occurrences, by allusions, and by the emotions of the acting personages, that we seem to see them before our eyes, and to live in them? We thus live in the "Midsummer Night" in the wood; and in the latter scenes of the "Merchant of Venice," we see the moonshine brightening the warm summer night, without direct descriptions. An actual and deliberate description of a natural scene occurs, however, in "King Lear," where Edgar, who feigns himself mad, represents to his blind father, Gloster, while on the plain, that they are mounting to the summit of Dover Cliff. The picture drawn of the downward view into the depths below, actually turns one giddy.—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

Stanzas of an Omnibus Conductor.

BY A CAD OF TEN YEARS' STANDING.

From the New York Evening Post.

It isn't pleasant, I can tell yer, to be suspended, like Mahimet's coughing, 'twixt eaven and earth all day, come bad wether, come good, come rein, snow or ale. Neither is it quite hayagreeable, to have a big fist a-knocking at ye, jist as if a gemmen inside couldn't ax ye to stop without breaking the glass of your silver watch, and robbing ye of your breath. I calls it nuffin more nor less than a reg'lar buster; but people imagines, I really believe, we have no bowels, 'cos, we're 'Bus Conductors; these xperiments ant pleasant tho'.

There's summat else two that tries us more ticklarly than another, and that's a big bull fresh from Smitheel, and as black as your hat, which comes behind you, and sharpens his 2 horns on the soft part of your 2 calfs, and the pelissman axes you, as cool as Joseph Heyday, if ye're going to stick there all day? jist as if you were a mutton pie, and was only made to be tossed for. I can't and won't stand sich things, that's flat! Again, it quite takes you off your legs when you're seased round the waste, and hung over the door, for all the world like an ozier's Golden Fleas, 'cos an incider is too proud to tell ye to stop. All umberellas, if I was a 'bus proprietor, should be put down by act of parleyment. They're the newsansees of public wehicles. Either there're being lost or miss laid, or stolen, or they turns the 'bus into a watering cart, or they raises a storm 'twixt two hoppysight gentlemen, 'specially if one on 'em is Irish with ducks, or else they're thrown out of window to hook us and eye for one don't like it.

I mean to say this, that there shoed be some plan of communikation between the conductor and his Fair. I don't ax for the lectric tallygraff—that's absurd—nor a bell much less a chec string, which brings us to the hold hackney coach, nor a trumpet, but some easy thing that will tell me what my insides want. How can I guess what a fellow stuffed at the bottom of the 'bus wishes? And I am tired of having my leg pulled off, and the soul torn rooflessly out of my Blucher whenever it's kneedful to "hold hard."

But no matter, my leg might go, if that was all, but I do not like my coat being tugged, as if it were a bell-pull, every minit. It's useless soing won's skirts on, they're sure to come off again the next day, and a Spenser or a military jacket does not look well on a conductor, for I tried it and all the Strand and Cheapside laffed, and I never felt so exposed or so small since I ran from Paddington to the Bank. I thought of pinning "spring guns" on to my coat-tales, and of filling 'em with crackers or a live badger, but it never would do; for I've jumpt to this conclusion since I have hopped on and off my Perch for the last ten ears, and that is, the real badge of our order is sufferin. All hands are raised agin the 'bus conductor. He never has a good word from nobody—he only comes in for the bad sixpenses! I shall go over to France, and get my guinea a-day like a Gent., by sitting in the National Assembly. Anythin is betterer than this where and tare of won's hole eggistence.—*Punch.*

Compensations.

Do you not perceive, then, that the evil is necessary for the development of good: can you say that misery is not essential for happiness? Illness is the exception to health, yet what should we know of health unless illness existed to indicate it? If at this moment you were on a sick bed, your condition would induce pity from your friends—virtue again emanating from evil. They would do all in their power to ease your sufferings—kindness, another virtue, is thus manifested. You would feel grateful for their attention—gratitude, you see, springs up! If you bear your affliction with fortitude—again good arises! If, on the contrary, you are impatient, those around you refrain from saying or doing the slightest thing to irritate you—goodness again emanates from the same soil! At length you become stronger, and then, being slightly ailing, you feel comparatively happy—thus happiness has absolutely arisen from that which, in its positive nature, is an evil; and the very affliction which made you grieve, is, by a slight modification, not altering its original nature, a subject for congratulation and pleasure! Thus, Alfred, depend upon it, however we may doubt the perfection of the laws of the Creator, all is completely in accordance with benevolent design; and when you complain of the existence of evil in the world, you complain of the very element which develops goodness.—*Affection.*

Death.

Death comes equally to us all,. and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high, or how large, that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou would'st not, as of a prince whom thou could'st not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce—This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plebeian bran.—*Donne.*

Parisian Celebrities.

A new London novel, (Mildred Vernon) sketches certain Parisian Celebrities. "In one corner sat the author of *Eugenie Grandet*, astride upon a chair, devouring ices voraciously, and, with the bold daring glance of his Rabelaisian eye, scaring away with actual fright, any modest woman who might encounter it. Further on, upon a sofa, close to a remarkably pretty banker's wife, sat, or rather lounged, a tall, clumsy built man, whose pre-occupation with the effort to appear gentlemanlike and well-dressed was so undisguised, that it alone led you to remark how far he was from attaining his end. *Mathilde* and the *Mysteres de Paris* had raised him in the world of which we speak, to as positively unsafe a moral height as would have been, physically speaking, the pinnacle of the spire of Strasburgh Cathedral. In one of the adjoining rooms you might see a herculean half-caste, a colossus, on whose face three generations had not sufficed to obliterate the negro stamp, and from the forge of whose Cyclops' brain *Monte Christo* had not yet sprung. Then there was the rough, water-dog-like looking Karr, the dread author of the *Guepes;* the goggle-eyed and (in dress) worse than an untidy giant, Soulie, and the Israelitish, humoristical dwarf, Gozlan; with a host of the lesser tribe, mere journalists, such as Janin, and others, whose names even are unknown beyond the *barrieres* of Paris."

English Beauty.

With a strong prepossession in favor of English beauty, and a notion that such an occasion as that of the drawing-room would afford a fine field for the display of it, we must confess to have been disappointed in our search. Very few of the ladies we saw were more than comely; a large proportion fell behind even that. One beautiful woman there was, whom we were led to suppose to be the Marchioness of Douro, though we could not ascertain it. We were told that that lady, the daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and the Duchess of Argyle, daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, were the only conspicuously beautiful women at court. Neither among the common people in the streets of London, or in the country towns, did we observe the fresh complexion and buxom air which we had been taught to expect. Low-life beauty seems to have been spoiled by factories; and if there was rural beauty we did not see it. Pretty children one sees in abundance everywhere—and so nicely kept! It seems to us that nobody knows so well how to take care for the physique of children as the English. They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich heavy, high-seasoned dishes of their parents. Oatmeal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simpler dinner at one o'clock, the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven. Exercise is considered one of the necessaries of life; and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air, the proper form for it. It might be superfluous to notice anything so obvious if it were not that so many people in good circumstances with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school-rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air as a daily requisite. We wish nothing so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors as the English, who have certainly brought the nursery system to great perfection, both as respects the comfort and advantage of the parents and children.—*Mrs. Kirkland—Union Magazine.*

Contention with Difficulties.

You will see persons who seem to enjoy such advantages of birth and fortune, that they can have no difficulties to contend with, and some one of you may be tempted to exclaim, 'how much is their lot to be preferred to mine!' A moderate experience of the world will teach you not to be deceived by these false appearances. They have not your difficulties but they have their own; and those in whose path no real difficulties are placed, will make difficulties for themselves; or, if they fail to do so, the dullness and monotony of their lives will be more intolerable than any of those difficulties which they may make, or which you will find ready made for you. Real difficulties are much to be preferred to those which are artificial or imaginary; for, of the former, the greater part may be overcome by talent and enterprise, while it is quite otherwise with the latter. Then, there is no greater happiness in life than that of surmounting difficulties; and nothing will conduce more than this to improve your intellectual faculties, or to make you satisfied with the situation which you have attained in life, whatever it may be.—*Sir B. Brodie's Discourse to Medical Students.*

Writing for the Press.

O, ye Poets and Prosers, who aspire to write in the miscellanies, and above all, O, ye palpitating untried, who meditate the offer of your maiden essays to established periodicals, take care, pray ye, take care to cultivate a good, plain, bold, round text.—Set up Tompkins as well as Pope or Dryden, for a model, and have an eye to your pot-hooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crabbed MS., to the same opinion. Of all things, therefore, be legible; and to that end practice penmanship. If you have never learned, take lessons. Be sure to buy the best paper, the best ink, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can; as school boys do—put out your tongue and take pains. So shall ye happily escape the rash rejection of a jaded editor; so having got into your hand, it is possible that your head may follow; and so last, not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the press, which sometimes ruin a poet's sublimest effusion, by pantomimically transforming his roses into noses, and, his angels into angles, and all his happiness into pappiness.—*Hood.*